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"ENCOURAGING THE RETAILER."

WHILE the beef combination is loudly proclaiming its innocence of the increase in the cost of meat, based upon its own figures of output and profit, it has made no effort whatever to curb the grasping of the retailer.

Instead, a pamphlet just issued by Armour & Co., entitled, "Is the Retailer Getting a Square Deal from Armour?" is designed, between every line of its text, to assure the dealer that the company stands strongly behind him and will not permit outside meddling in his affairs. "A Message to American Retailers," signed by J. Ogden Armour, contains these stimulating paragraphs:

"Prosperity has altered the commercial map. Methods accepted ten years ago no longer suffice. Half measures and inefficiency must go in the discard. Alert minds have found better ways of doing things, and will continue to find still better ways.

"To the retail merchant this is a matter of deep concern. He wants to keep abreast of the times. He wants to know whether these policies are inimical to his interests or helpful. He wants assurance that the house he favors with his custom is actually serving his best interests and making it possible for him to expand his business and make the most out of it.

"For, after all, the retailer must consider his own business first. Its future and its permanence are the most important things in his existence, and rightly so.

"With these facts in mind, I feel that to-day is a peculiarly fitting time to present to the grocers and market men of America certain information they should have regarding Armour & Co.'s policies and relationship with retailers.

"Armour & Co. believe in the retailer. We value his service and we value his good will. We believe he is entitled to a profit, as is any man who performs a necessary function. We want to see him succeed, and we are lending every effort to help him succeed, for our prosperity is linked with his.

"So, regardless of any statements to the contrary, I want to say to you that we regard the independent retailers of the Nation as the final outlet for our products, and that our merchandising policy is based on giving the distributors who handle these products every advantage possible toward greater sales, quicker turnover of capital and hence greater profits."

Nothing here about serving the public, nothing about keeping retail costs on a fair parallel with wholesale, as the Standard Oil and sugar people have done; only exhortation for "greater profits!"

Further, the company "feels that it has an inseparable alliance with the retailer of America." It certainly looks so—an alliance for separating the public from its money.

This painful item of news comes by way of the St. Thomas (W. L.) Bulletin, published in our newest possession: "Florida, the great hair tonic used for drinking in Porto Rico, has been seized, the Government getting hold of no less than a stock of \$6,000 bottles—dollar bottles. It seems it was made, according to formula.

Cannot even stop hair tonic in our insular territory! And we promised them liberty!

COMING TO MAHOMET.

THE Republican mountain is beginning to move, just as Mahomet's did in the Arabian tale. It is creeping toward the White House. By and by it will get there and we shall have an end to the extraordinary exhibition that has so long vexed the world.

Late reports from Connecticut indicate a revival of the celebrated Moodus noises. Moodus, though, may not be the source of the sounds. Instead, it may be Senator Brandegee painfully perigrinating toward the Executive Chamber, preparing to take his medicine!

The Cleveland car companies have taken out a \$10,110,000 policy of insurance against losses caused by industrial disturbances. Cannot something be done now for those of us who have to walk?

Letters From the People

How About Children?

We have before us a vital question. "Can we have children?" A loud and violent "NO" from the landlords of New York City. This has been brought very forcibly to my notice since landlords have been able, recently, to pick and choose their tenants and juggle rents. In more money than one this is immoral. The clergy, and the church have fought the demon rum and turned their backs on this stigma of the Landlords, "Abolish the Child." The man who isolates a dread germ and then is unable to produce an antidote has only half finished his work. We have one germ, the Landlord. We now want a half dozen philanthropists, not adverse to making money, to invest a few million dollars, in blocks of apartment houses, built for the express purpose of housing people with small children. Am not an architect, and haven't anything to sell that forms a part of the construction of apartments, but will give a large part of my spare time gratis to all such a movement. Would like to hear from a few philanthropists and professionalists.

S. N. D.
Room 51, St. Fulton Street,
New York City.

Right From the Street

Maurois Kettner's cartoon "Such is Life" in to-day's Evening World certainly illustrates the opinion that we are living in a crazy and money-mad world. Why should such a state of affairs exist to-day that conductors, painters, factory laborers, etc., are paid more for their services than the school teachers who are intrusted with the important work of preparing

the citizens-to-be for the tasks that are before them? The reasons are simple. In the first place the school teachers are not as fully organized as the conductors, painters and factory laborers. Although they teach us that in co-operation there is strength, yet they fail to realize that fact in their own behalf. Secondly, in the present state of society the immediate pecuniary profits of a profession too bright a golden lustre for those who benefit by it to give much consideration to the education of their future citizens. Education is life, liberty and happiness and a benefit to society, by which I mean the vast mass of working people. Why should those in control of the industries by which the money that they crave is made care about the future happiness of the people when the very philosophy of their system prescribes that the common people, the wage earners, should be kept in ignorance of the forces that are starving them? Those money-mad industrial kings must see to it now as never before that there is an illiterate citizenship and only a comparatively limited number of educated workers (they have got to have some) to deal with in the future rather than the reverse. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and the world is money-mad to-day. Something seems to be going to happen that will threaten the control of those who are money-mad. It is a funny thing, but the workers are educating themselves, not in algebra, geometry, Latin and Greek, but in the creed of the capitalist system and in the starvation and misery that has been their lot since profit was first made out of the labor of others. They are beginning to realize that the strength of numbers is and to apply their knowledge rightly. Sincerely yours, G. O. ALKIN.
12 West 118th St., N. Y. City.
Aug. 18, 1919.

"Better Late Than Never, Henry" By J. H. Cassel



Fables of Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb
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The Girl Who Wanted Money Spent on Her

ONCE upon a time there was a young woman. She was very good looking and had an attractive personality.

When she was a little girl everybody doted and humored her. Her mother was so fond of her that she seldom allowed her to do anything for herself.

Her clothes, whenever she got a tear in them, were mended by her mother. Her room was kept in order by a maid, and even when she was very small she learned to expect everything to come easy to her.

She had only to say the word, or make a wish, and it was granted.

When she was old enough to be taken out with her parents and friends, she always chose the most expensive foods on the menu and suggested such entertainment as always necessitated the expenditure of money.

And when on occasions she did not get her way, she would pout about it and make everybody about her uncomfortable.

Now this was all very well during the period of childhood, but the young woman grew up, as children do.

She began to choose her own friends, and as she had never been curbed in her tastes or desires, she always selected such individuals as had the purchasing power for her pleasures.

She exacted so much and never seemed happy unless considerable money was spent when in her company. Neither did she fail to ask for every luxury that she could possess.

Now it happened that along came a man who had spent a great deal of time in other lands—much of it in the interest of aiding the government in very interesting inventions.

He had worked very, very hard and when the war broke out he had earned worth-while honors in the line of the fight.

So when he returned and was introduced in the particular little crowd in which this "pending" girl belonged, he was considerably lionized, but it was said that he had very little money.

Strange to say, in the course of human events, opposites do meet. And this man of simple habits and tastes

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell
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Mrs. Jarr Believes That, While Love Makes the World Go Round, Jealousy Holds It Together

MRS. JARR released her hold on Mr. Jarr's arm. "Please take me home!" she said tensely.

Mr. Jarr gazed at her in surprise. It was a cool evening after a very hot day, and Mr. and Mrs. Jarr had gone downtown to the theatrical district to see how the actors were striking.

"Now, what's the matter, dearie?" asked Mr. Jarr in alarm. "Was the hot day too much for you—are you ill?"

"Oh, much you care!" remarked Mrs. Jarr huskily. "But I'm going home!"

"Why, what is the matter? Please tell me what's wrong!" cried Mr. Jarr.

"But Mrs. Jarr only remarked again, this time huskily, that she was going home."

"Can't you tell me what is the matter with you?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"There's nothing the matter with me," said Mrs. Jarr, now speaking acidly. "But if you have no more respect for your own wife than to recognize such people when you are with your own wife—why, then a wife's place is home!"

"Ray," asked Mr. Jarr, "is this a declaration of self-determination, or what? I want to know what you are talking about," and seeing Mrs. Jarr was turning to walk away, he clutched her arm.

"If you intend to create a scene on the street, please let me go home; then you can join your friends," said Mrs. Jarr gulping back a sob.

"What friends?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I'm sure I don't know who they are," whispered Mrs. Jarr. "They are not the kind of people I go with."

"Are you pulling this because I spoke to Charley Face, the movie actor, that passed just now?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I wasn't thinking of the man," said Mrs. Jarr. "But do you mean to tell me you didn't see how that woman on the other side of the street looked at you?"

"I can't help people looking at me," Mr. Jarr declared, "and if you wish to make a fuss about it on the street—why, go ahead!"

Mrs. Jarr dabbed at her eyes with a miniature handkerchief, registering grief and suffering. "I'm sure I have too much respect for myself to notice your flirting with other women, and I scorn to notice it," she said.

How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune
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No. 74—JAMES A. GARFIELD, the Canal Boy Who Became President.

A TIRE-D-OUT, discouraged young man once took a solemn pledge. He voiced a solemn resolve that he never broke, and perhaps it was one of the strongest resolutions ever made by a man who was destined to make good.

The youth was James A. Garfield. Left in babyhood without a father and without money or influence, he had started on his career of making good at an age when most lads are still in the nursery. He had worked as a canal-boy on the towpath, an errand boy for his neighborhood, and in every job he could lay his hands on.

In spite of all these drawbacks he worked his way through school and through college. Then, to support his widowed mother—who from the day of Garfield's birth to the day of his murder was his best and truest friend—he sought a job as school teacher.

He did not intend to remain the teacher of a country school all his life. But such a position would be a fine stepping-stone, he knew, to higher paid work, and it would, meantime, help him pay his debts and keep his mother in comfort.

As every work-hunter knows, there is a world of difference between seeking a job and finding one. This was an experience young Garfield now went through. From one school board to another he tramped, covering many miles of dusty roads, showing his credentials to people of influence, trying in every way to land the needful position. And no one wanted his services.

At last he spent a whole day on the foot-journey to a town where, he had heard, a school teacher was needed. He got there to find the job taken, and he had his dreary trip for nothing. Homeward he plodded, utterly discouraged. As he entered the cottage room where his mother awaited him his patience gave out. Then it was that he took his strange resolve.

"Mother," exclaimed the disheartened lad, "never again, so long as I live, shall I ask for work or go one step out of my way to find it!"

At first glance the words seem to have been the whine of a quitter. But they were not. They were the fierce challenge of a fighter who refuses to truckle to Fortune for favors she withholds.

It was as though Fortune had heard the challenge and that it inclined her to the gallant youth who scorned to seek her gifts. For at that moment Garfield's luck changed and he began to make good.

The same evening he received an offer, as school teacher, at much higher salary than had gone with any of the teaching jobs which had rejected him. And henceforth his feet were firm-planted on the ladder of success.

Yet he held to his resolve never to go in search of any position or advancement. Every such position was forced to seek him. And seek him it did.

Because he had brains and tireless energy and grit he made good on every job that came his way, and thus was sought for in higher lines of work. But, though he filled every one of his increasingly important spheres of work with splendid efficiency, he did not so much as reach out a hand nor swerve aside one inch to gain any of the honors for which other men were striving.

He made those honors come to him if they wanted him. And they came. Always with James Abram Garfield it was a case of the office seeking the man. But invariably he was prepared and waiting when the chance came.

It was so when the people of his neighborhood sent him to Congress. It was so when he was chosen President of his college. It was so when he received his General rank in the Civil War. It was so when, in 1886, he was nominated and elected to the Presidency of the United States.

From first to last he made good—not by seeking Opportunity, but by being splendidly ready whenever Opportunity happened to seek him.

Gay Life of a Commuter

Or Trailing the Bunch From Paradise
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By Rube Towner

How a Fire Helmet Saved the Saviors of East Lynne

JUST as the members of the Wide Awake Volunteer Fire Company were comfortably in bed, the new alarm at the fire house began to blow its head off.

"Do you want another 'Blip-Tom' explosion here?" demanded the Chief. "Boys, get the axes!"

Gus and Doc from the opposite side of the street decided that the situation was safe, and began to look around for some place that held the Anti-Saloon League in defiance.

It was two doors away from the One-Price Clothing Store. The proprietor was sure his saloon would be swept out of existence by the conflagration, and he was in a semi-panic when Gus rushed in, his helmet gleaming through the smoke, and exclaimed:

"Whew! Some fire! I'm all in! Gimme a drink, quick!"

Gus took the usual Paradise drink—"three-in-one"—and made a motion to pay for it.

"Nothing doing!" said the saloon man; "leave me if you can."

"Anything doing?" asked Doc, who had awaited the result of Gus's experiment.

For answer Gus took off his helmet, clapped it on Doc, and said: "Go to it!"

"Gimme something to get this smoke out of my throat," said Doc, pushing up to the bar, panting, his tongue hanging out.

The proprietor set out the black bottle and a large glass. Doc handed it a Dempsey and rejoined Gus.

"Do you think we'd better let the others in on this?" he asked.

Just then Jim Moose, the original smoke consumer, came along. His face was black with smoke; he was wet all over—outside.

Gus clapped his helmet on Jim's head and pointed to the East Lynne saloon.

One by one they came and one by one they exchanged their headpieces for Gus's helmet until the entire company had been refreshed and revived.

When the fire was entirely out the Chief of the East Lynne Department invited the rescuing firemen of his friend Brannigan's for a little drink.

When they all lined up Brannigan, the hospitable saloon man, noted there was but one helmet—worn by Gus.

"We've got some good men in the Paradise Fire Department," said Chief Snow, pouring a glass of sarsaparilla, as Brannigan complimented him for putting out the fire.

"Ye have that," said Brannigan; "ye have one of the best workers at a fire I ever saw—that fellow in the helmet."

And she twitted her best friend, Clara Mudridge-Smith, because the latter's husband was old and phlegmatic and had told his wife that if she didn't dress so as to attract attention she wouldn't attract it.